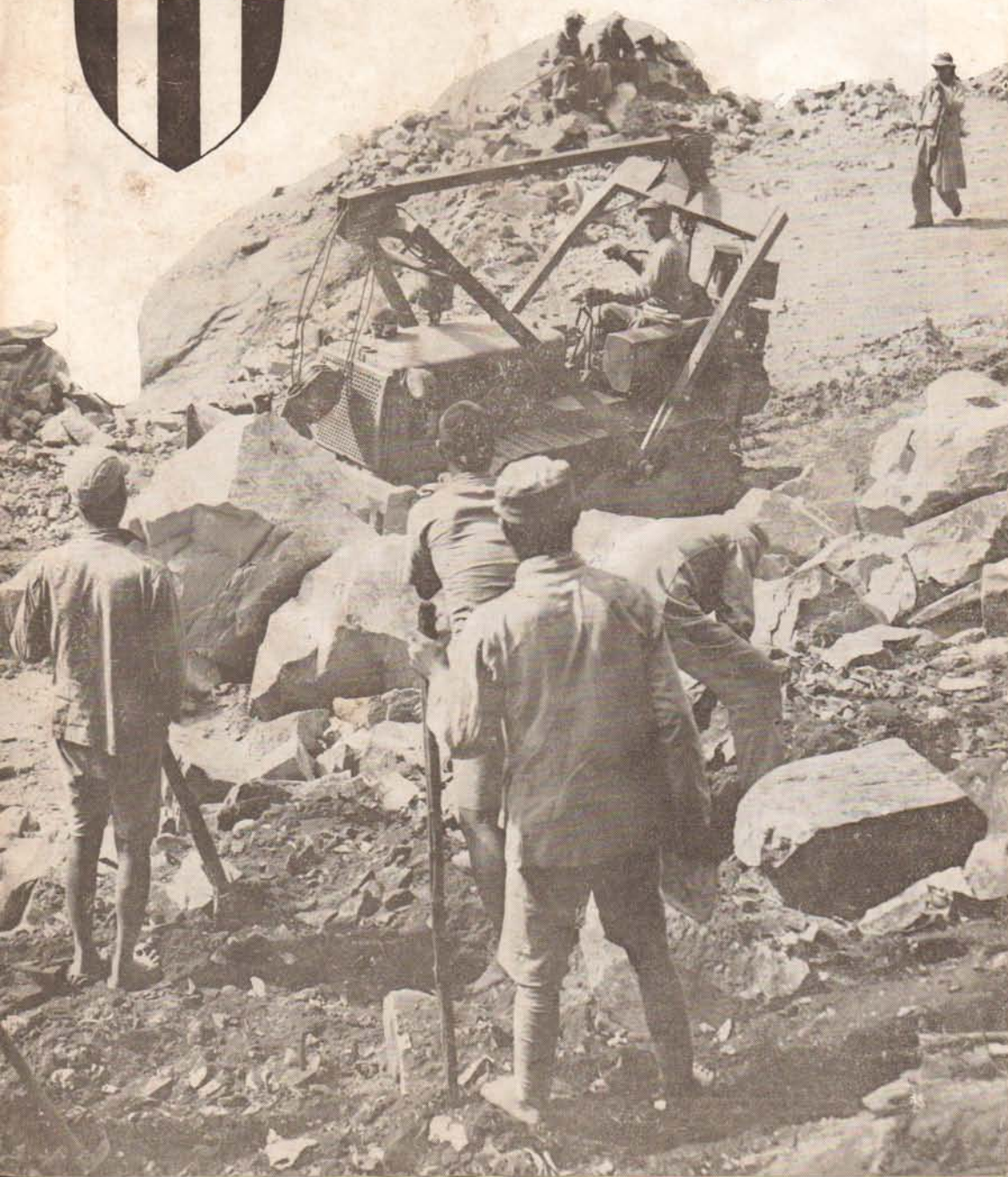


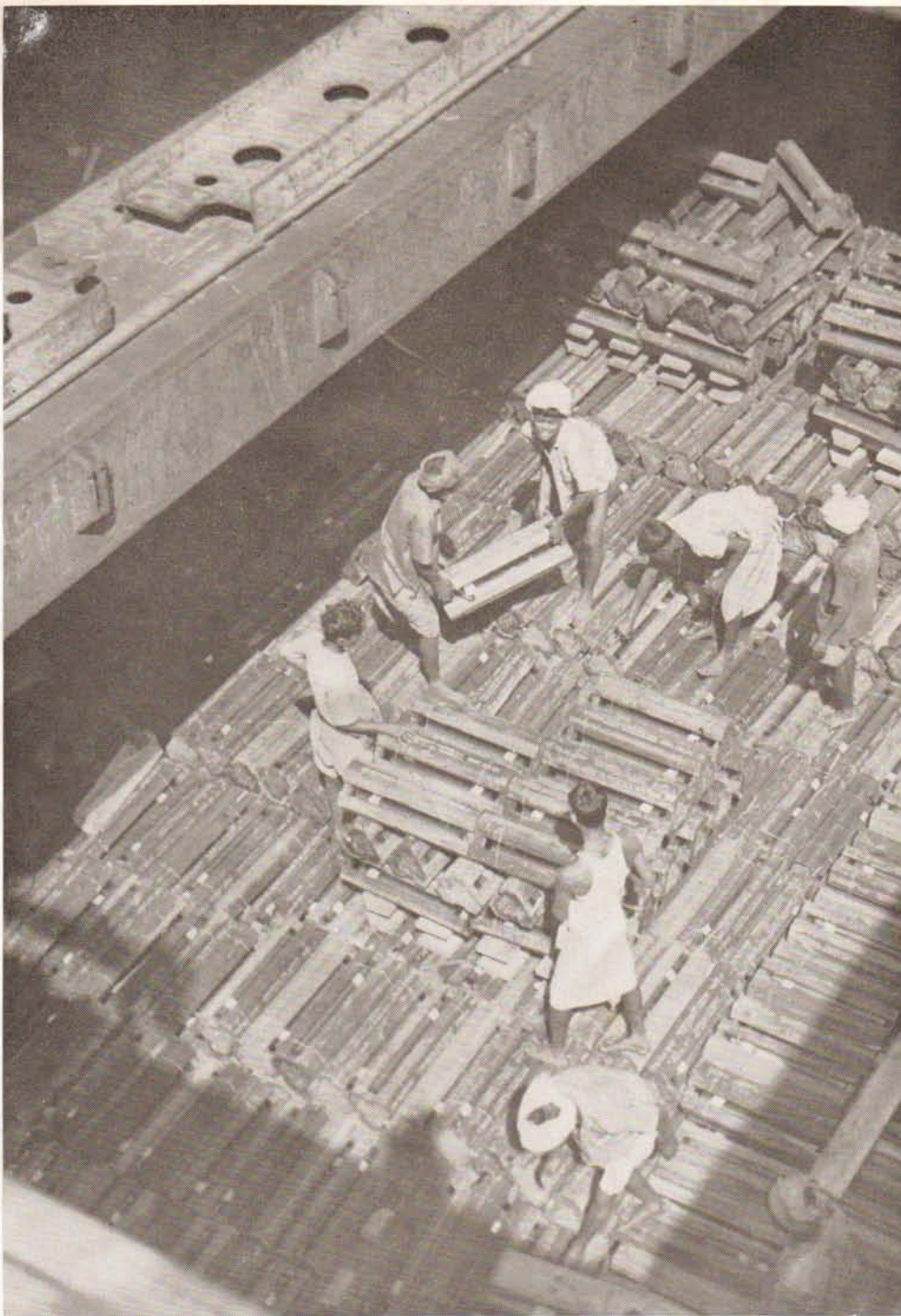
Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



**FEBRUARY
1959**





A CARGO of 75 mm howitzer ammunition being unloaded from the hold of a freighter at the King George Docks in Calcutta harbor, India, in February 1945. U. S. Army photo.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 13, No. 1

January, 1959

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM The Editors . . .

● **Roundup** is indebted to General Stratemeyer who recently brought to our attention the fact that the author of "Betrayal in China" had been committed to a New York hospital for observation. Roundup engaged the services of CBI-er John J. Gussak, prominent New York attorney, to investigate the situation and report his findings to us. We know everyone will be most interested.

● **At one time** Roundup offered a special rate of only \$2.00 per year for gift subscriptions to Veterans Hospitals and service hospitals and libraries. Very few of those subscriptions are in force today. If you'd like to help reinstate some of these, mention your preference in hospitals when sending your check.

● **Cover picture** this month shows Pfc. William F. New of East Gadsden, Ala., operator of a bulldozer, helping to clear the Burma Road at a section being widened by Chinese labor. U. S. Army photo.

● **One reader's** wife gave hubby a CBI lapel pin for Christmas. She had a small diamond placed inside the star of China in the pin. Results: beautiful gift, delighted husband!

● **Remember when** you first saw the "giant" B-17 Flying Fortress? It really was a giant, compared to the flying crates of World War I. The other day we saw a B-29 next to a B-52, and we got that old feeling all over again. Even the uniforms have changed since we were in the service!



Needs Help on Claim

● As an ex-CBI-er, I come in need of help. I was with the 988th Signal Company, later 988 Sig. Bn., APO 628, Ledo, Assam, India, as signal supply sergeant, known by most of the men as Big Ed. I was in a jeep accident the latter part of February, 1944, at the Lakipana Spur, Ledo, which was later the location of the gas supply depot. Eight or 10 men who were laying a pipe nearby came over and picked the jeep off me and set it back on the road. If any Ex-CBI Roundup readers remember the jeep accident or remember me, please contact me. I will appreciate it very much as I need help in establishing a claim for service-connected disability.

EDWARD ORTLOFF,
P. O. Box 653
Toppenish, Wash.



BEGGAR at a bathing ghat on the Ganges River at Benares, India, seeks a grain of rice for his bowl from each bather. Photo by J. T. Howard.



NAGA tribesman poses with villagers in an Assam village. Note the neck halter and scanty clothes. Photo by A. L. Schwartz, M.D.

First Ferrying Group

● This Christmas Eve while visiting a member of the Baptist church which I pastor, he mentioned the Ex-CBI Roundup. I had never heard of it. He had several copies, and gave them to me. My wife finally got me to bed well after midnight; I just couldn't put them down. For 14 years I have wondered about the guys of the First Ferrying Group that went over on the U.S.S. Brazil in March 1942. I was in the 13th Ferrying Squadron as a pencil pusher. Also stationed at Malir, Sookerating, Jorhat, Chabua (Polo Grounds). Would treasure a line from any of the gang.

LYNN W. McBRYDE
Route 2, Box 181
Carthage, Texas

Davidson Dies

● H. Louis Davidson, 43, of Des Moines, a World War II veteran of CBI, died Jan. 11 after a heart attack at his home. A 1936 graduate of Yale University, New Haven, Conn., he was president and treasurer of the Davidson Company with stores at Des Moines, Waterloo and Mason City, Iowa. His wife and three children survive.

CHARLES SEXOUR
Des Moines, Iowa

Mapping Squadron

● The December letter of Herbert Wampole convinces me that former members of the 24th Combat Mapping Squadron should get and keep in touch with each other. From time to time I find that some of us live near each other and don't realize the fact. Would suggest it a fine idea for groups to form such as your Ex-CBI Bashas have done and contact groups in other parts of the country. As a

start, I will send addresses of a few 24th men to any interested persons and continue necessary writing. Does anyone know what happened to the 24th Mapping Squadron Alumni? I was a gunner on the crew of Lt. Edgar Swinehart flying out of Good Hollow (Gush Kara), India, and as far into China as Chengtu. That is the reason all Ex-CBI publications contain something of interest to me.

BILL "BOMBAY" JESTER
544 Shipley Street
Seaford, Del.

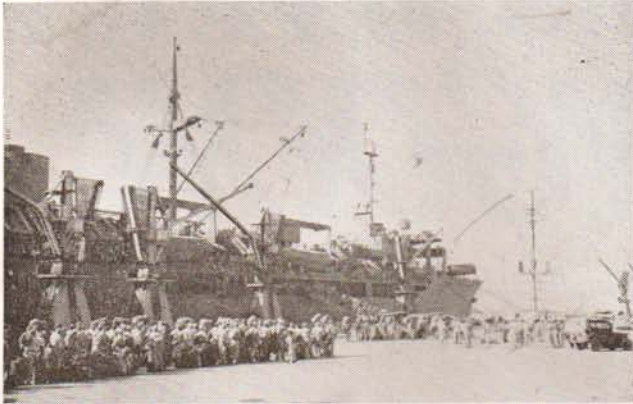
Just Introduced

● Received my first copy of Ex-CBI Roundup from John Conter of "A" Company, 13th Mt. Medical Battalion, and am enclosing a check for the first year's subscription. I got a big kick out of browsing through the April 1958 issue and reminiscing through some of the experiences in CBI. I sure don't want to miss having this a monthly occasion.

ROBERT L. CASSELBERRY,
Assistant County Agent
Delta, Colo.



CONSCRIPTED child labor, at work on the Burma Road. Photo by Jack Jenkins.



TROOP SHIP loading at Karachi dock, with soldiers in foreground awaiting their turn at the gangplank. Photo by R. T. Peacock, Jr.

Chief Surgeon Dies

● Col. John M. Tamraz and his wife, Freda, 60, of Miami, Fla., died near Richmond Hill, Ga., in December when their foreign car was squashed between a bulldozer and a heavy truck. Burial was in Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia. Persian-born Colonel Tamraz, 68, came to this country in 1905. He was graduated from the University of North Carolina and the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1917. He was in the U. S. Army medical corps for 40 years, retiring in 1950. During World War II he was chief surgeon in the China-Burma-India Theater. After his retirement, the colonel served on Jackson Memorial Hospital's admittance staff from 1951 to 1955.

LOCH GARY,
Miami, Fla.

China Air Task Force

● Served 26 months in China with General Chenault. In fact, was assigned before the 14th Air Force was activated; it was then the China Air Task Force. Also served with the 74th Fighter Squadron, 23rd Fighter Group.

MILTON KLEIN,
Suffern, N. Y.

112th Station Hospital

● Congratulations on the fine pictures each month. A recent picture of the 112th Station Hospital buildings was of particular interest to me, having spent some time in that area in World War II.

LESLIE F. KIPP,
Appleton, Wis.

Roundup Introduction

● A wrapper showing Roundup's address and the familiar CBI shield was given to me by my sister in Findlay, Ohio, who related that someone who

knew she had a brother in the Orient during the war had brought it to her. I would like to know more about your organization or publication. In 1944 I was sent to the 10th Air Force and eventually assigned to the 12th Bomb Group at Feni, Bengal. In 1945 I went to the 142nd General Hospital, Calcutta, India, and stayed there until returned to the ZI in March, 1946.

RICHARD L. BEARD
Charlottesville, Va.

Engineer in Burma

● Served in Burma about two years with the 1875th Airborne Engineers, Company C. At time of discharge held the rank of sergeant; returned to my job at American Viscose.

RUSSELL J. WOOD,
Roanoke, Va.

State Legislator

● Have been reelected to the Iowa House of Representatives, and if you or any of the fellows are in Des Moines during the legislative session, please look for me at the House. Our session begins January 12, 1959, and will continue until approximately May.

DONALD V. DOYLE,
Sioux City, Iowa



BRIDEGROOM at wedding ceremony in Karachi is shown here with his younger brother, on way to meet the bride. Photo by Dennis J. Loughman.

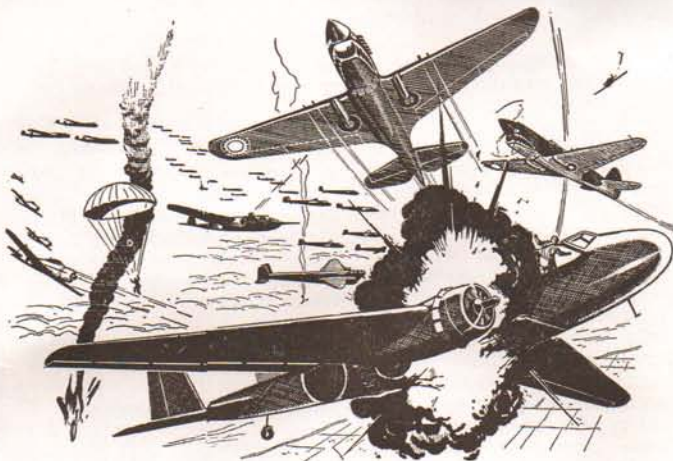
TIGERS OVER RANGOON

The story of the "undisciplined mob of mercenaries" who became the famous Flying Tigers.

*From The American
Legion Magazine*

BY DON WHELPLEY

Seventeen years have passed since the Flying Tigers spread their wings over the ricefields of Burma and the mountains of China. Since then, millions of young Americans have grown up without knowing the story of this handful of volunteers and their fabulous exploits. Theirs was the only good news to brighten the bleak days of early World War II.



Standing there as it had for centuries, the great golden spire of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda reached for the azure blue of Burma's sky. Sprawled around the base of this immense shrine was the city of Rangoon. A vigorous seaport bustling with the teak, oil, and rice trade of Burma, it was, nevertheless, a tropical outpost where a feeling of the relaxed timelessness of British colonial living hung in the humid air.

The pleasant life of these colonials, unchanged since the days of Kipling, went on its leisurely course during the autumn of 1941. If they were aware that Rangoon and their way of life were doomed, they gave no indication of it. There were straws in the wind, but no one seemed concerned. The Japanese and their warlike noises brought only amused snorts to the linen-suited gentlemen sipping whisky and soda on the lawn of the Golf Club. Even if the comical little men were foolish enough to start trouble, they would be slapped down by the British Lion crouched on impregnable Singapore. Rangoon itself was protected by the British Burma Army and Royal Air Force

squadrons, liberally sprinkled with veterans from the Battle of Britain. The planes they flew, Brewster Buffaloes, would render "bloody useless" anything the Japs had.

Another source of amusement for the few in Rangoon who noticed were certain small groups of young American "tourists" passing through the city. Their passports showed that they were "retired acrobats" or "students" or "farmers," but it was no secret that they were bound for the nearby jungle village of Toungoo to form something called the American Volunteer Group of the Chinese Air Force. Equipped with an assortment of vintage P-40 aircraft, thrice refused as obsolete by their own Air Corps, the RAF, and Sweden, these men were to train on Burmese soil and then go forth to do battle against the Japanese Air Force in China. Many a jolly good chuckle was heard about such a ridiculous arrangement. Little did the scoffers know that these unmilitary civilians would soon write flaming history in the sky over Rangoon, and would be the only defenders of their city and their lives. Even Winston

Churchill would be moved to compare them with the heroes of the battle of Britain.

But during the fall of 1941 if the casual observers in Rangoon were dubious of the AVG and its future as a fighting force, the professional military men and news correspondents who looked in on the American training base were even less impressed. They came away harumphing about the "undisciplined mob of mercenaries," loosely led by a slightly deaf colonel of the nearly extinct Chinese Air Force, an American named Chennault. Confidential reports were sent to London and Washington revealing that this ludicrous band wouldn't last two weeks in combat.

Even among the volunteers, morale was at low ebb. Camped at Kyedaw air-drome on the banks of the muddy Sittang River—a pesthole hacked from the jungle—they fought steamy heat and boredom; shared their barracks with rats, snakes, and hordes of hungry insects; and griped vociferously. Dressed in odd mixtures of uniforms and civilian clothes, with Western-style guns slung low on their hips, these "tourists" went about the business of preparing for war in a manner shocking to the officers who saw them.

There were others who witnessed the group assembling, and exhibited more professional interest. Frequently heard was the faint whine of Japanese reconnaissance aircraft flying high in the clear blue sky over Toungoo, and frequently seen was the flash of sunlight on silver wings as pilots wheeled to dive back to Indochina and make reports. The enemy watched and waited. Time was running out fast. The cauldron of war was about to boil over.

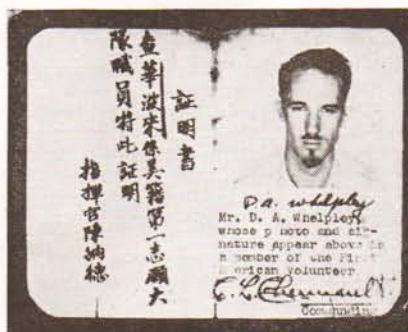
Then it came. War! The Japanese struck with lightninglike fury, overrunning everything in their path. Burma watched in horror as the yellow tide rose in Siam to the east. RAF recon planes daily told of the enemy buildup at Bangkok, Tak, Mersat, Men, tanks, hundreds of planes. The old pompous, typically British, confidence vanished, and in its place stood cold, gripping fear. Burma would be next, and Rangoon, its docks gorged with lend-lease supplies waiting to go up the Burma Road, was the prize. Suddenly it became clear that there was nothing to stop the onslaught. The colonial army that had looked so good a month ago now appeared hopelessly inept when compared with the victorious Japanese. And the 36 RAF fighters at Rangoon hardly inspired confidence.

By now, December 1941, the American Volunteer Group—it had not yet earned the tag "Flying Tigers"—was ready for

action. Colonel Chennault, their soft-spoken but very tough leader, had given his boys the benefit of his own four years' experience fighting the Japs in China. He had taught them many tricks of his precarious trade, even how to think like a Japanese fighter pilot if need be. Now school was over, and his unorthodox band of adventurers were to lock horns with the adversary. They were still unruly civilians, in the eyes of many, and untried in combat, but it was now or never. No one, not even themselves, had any idea how they would pan out.

They had been hired by the Chinese (at salary plus \$500 bonus for each Jap plane shot down) to defend the Burma Road; so when the group broke camp at Toungoo the leather-faced Old Man took most of them north to China. But he sent the AVG 3rd Squadron to Rangoon. It was on the afternoon of December 12 that 15 shark-toothed Tomahawks roared into Mingaladon airfield and kicked up dust as they taxied over to the tent, spread by a huge banyan tree, that was to be their home and base of operations for two long, hard months. Across the field lounging RAF pilots watched lanky squadron leader Arvid Olson and his Yanks climb out of their planes. But this time they didn't laugh. The situation was no longer humorous. It would take a "bloody lot more" than the leering shark faces painted on the American fighters to scare the Nips away!

Day after day eyes turned uneasily eastward to look beyond the soft green of the ricefields shrouded in morning mists to the dark, sinister outline of the Dawna Mountains silhouetted against a saffron sunrise. From here the enemy would strike. But nothing happened. The silence was broken only by the tinkle of temple bells and the occasional piercing cry of some tropical bird. It was omi-



THE AUTHOR'S identification as a member of Col. Chennault's group.

nous, this stillness. One could almost hear the muffled roll of drums heralding the big act, just about to commence.

On the bright, hot morning of December 23 the AVG pilots and ground crews relaxed in the cool shade of the big alert tent. It looked like another uneventful day. Husky, square-jawed "Pea" Greene, clad only in cowboy boots, khaki shorts, and a pair of Texas six-shooters, played cards with smooth-faced Hank Gilbert who, at 21, was the youngest member of the group. Neil Martin, his face bronzed by the Burma sun and his blond hair cropped close, lit a cigarette and leaned back contemplatively in the wicker easy chair. Shy, boyish Duke Hedman idly beat a tattoo on the tent post with a pencil. Then the ancient French telephone rang out, shattering the quiet. Olson answered, slammed down the receiver and shouted, "Japs. Give 'em hell!"

There was no need to explain. This was it! Chairs tumbled as the men tore out of the tent and raced over the turf for planes parked in the shimmering sun. Across the way, RAF fighter engines bellowed out. Cockpits were blistering hot, but no one noticed. Starters whined. Motors coughed and burst into thunder. Duke Hedman shoved his throttle forward. The airplane shook, rumbled over the dusty field, and staggered heavily into the air in front of two RAF aircraft boring down on him from the right. All order was abandoned in the wild scramble for takeoff. Planes crisscrossed in clouds of dust. In minutes, 15 American Tomahawks and 18 British Buffaloes were airborne.

With shark noses pointed skyward, the Americans grouped behind George McMillan, their slender, dark-haired flight leader, and struggled for altitude. Burma's ricefields beneath them—stretching off to the north as far as the eye could see—blurred to a dull green, like a sheet of soft velvet. As they climbed, nervous thoughts raced through the minds of the 15 pilots. This would be their first fight. Would they remember all that the Old Man had taught? Teamwork—Fight in pairs—Arm those guns—Never dogfight with a Jap plane; too maneuverable—Strike from above, flick out a quick burst, break clean, and dive through the formation—Watch that tail—Where the hell is the main tank on the Mitsubishi?

The thin air was getting cold now. The radio crackled with the blase British voice of the RAF ground controller, "Tally 'O. En'my ar'craft over Bilin." Fifteen minutes away! McMillan looked around. The Buffaloes were nowhere in sight.

At 18,000 feet they leveled off and split into two flights. McMillan led one, and Parker Dupouy, an unruffled New Englander, took the other. A few white clouds hung lazily below them. To the east and south spread the incredible cobalt blue waters of the Gulf of Martaban. Rangoon, a slate-colored slab in the surface haze, crowded the banks of the murky river. But there in the heart of the city shone the brilliant golden dome of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda—a perfect beacon for the attacking enemy.

Anxious eyes searched the sky. Suddenly, flight leader McMillan shook his wings. He had spotted the Japanese formation! Closing fast from the east was an immense array of aircraft. Three thousand feet below the Americans, 54 twin-engined bombers were strung out across the sky like monster geese, while high above soared 20 silver fighters—the top cover of Nakajima 97's and deadly Zeroes poised to strike.

"My God!" gulped a stocky blond pilot from Iowa. All of his training hadn't braced him for that first throat-lumping sight of the foe.

Glancing uneasily at the fighters above, McMillan muttered, "Well, here goes," and pushed his P-40 over in a dive. Faster, faster the mottled green bomber loomed in his gunsights—800 yards—left rudder—400 yards—javelins of bright red tracer fire stabbed from the bomber's turrets—200 yards—NOW! Heavy gun recoil jarred him as he fired. Smoking tracers buried themselves in the bomber's side. A blinding explosion. Hard over! He flashed through the shower of flaming wreckage.

Behind him plummeted the rest of the flight. Charlie Older caught the formation leader in his ring sight, and squeezed the trigger. CRUMP! CRUMP! The .50-caliber slugs sank into the fat green bomber. It blew up in a sheet of orange flame. Older's plane buffeted through the debris. The Japanese pilots closed the gap. The eight P-40's pulled out of their screaming dives with wing-bending force, and chandelied back up for a second attack. Swooping through concentrated cross fire, they riddled the enemy formation from sides and front. Flame-swathed planes fell earthward as McMillan, Older, Hedman all scored for the second and third times.

"Tadpole" Smith, his gangling frame hunched in the cramped cockpit, pulled up behind the trail bomber. The distance shrank. At 100 yards the Jap turret gunner let go. Smith saw him grimacing behind the spitting guns. Bullets crashed into the Tomahawk. The propeller hub flew off. The glass canopy shattered, scant inches over his head.

Reeking gasoline fumes and the stench of tracer-scorched metal filled the cockpit. At 25 yards he squeezed the trigger. Tracer plumes walked up the side of the enemy craft. Smoking chunks of metal flew off. The huge plane rolled over, wrapped in fire.

But enemy slugs had hit the control mechanism of one of Smith's guns. It continued to pump away. He shoved the throttle home and closed in on the next Jap in formation. Bullets from the run-away gun chewed into the wing of the bomber. It dropped, trailing black smoke. Smith swung out in a tight bank and bored back in to knock down his third victim.

By now Dupouy's group was tramping the second element of the attacking bombers, and the Jap fighters had joined the fray. In a wild melee of twisting, zooming planes the fight went on. Men soaked with sweat worked furiously, with hands gripping stick and throttle, feet kicking rudder pedals, and eyes glued to gunsights. Neil Martin whipped over and dove on the flank of the formation. Twenty-odd turret gunners aimed at him. The savage fusillade smashed into his plane. It staggered, then rolled into a spin to crash in the ricefields below. The 23-year-old Arkansas pilot was the first Flying Tiger to die in combat.

While Pea Greene and Hank Gilbert were working over bomber stragglers, six Jap fighters dropped out of the sun. First they hit Gilbert. His riddled aircraft fell, carrying the second Tiger to his death. Greene was next. From above, below, behind, they swarmed on him. Slugs thudded against the armor plate, laced the wings, chewed up the tail. He pushed over in a dive, but it was too late. The heavy fighter flopped out of control in wild gyrations. He bailed out and pulled the cord. Now the Japs peeled off, firing at him as he dangled helplessly from the billowing chute. Cursing, he jerked the harness to spill air at each pass. It worked. Greene hit in a ricefield near Mingaladon, alive but shaken from a hard landing in the perforated parachute.

Like a violent rain squall, the battle ended as suddenly as it had begun. The enemy was gone. With wind whistling through bullet holes in their planes, the Americans circled to land. Black smoke hung over Rangoon, and fire blazed in the dock area. So some of the bombers had got through! Approaching Mingaladon field, they saw gaping bomb craters. Here too! One by one they landed gingerly among the holes. Exhausted, from the strain of their baptism of fire, but grinning and happy, the Tigers

climbed from their P-40's to be met by an equally happy ground crew. The RAF Buffaloes were just coming in. They had finally made contact with the fleeing enemy at the end of the fight.

The AVG alert tent was a scene of bedlam, with laughing, cursing men all talking at once, like the locker room of an underdog football team that had just beaten the champs.

"The way those damned Japs were falling," laughed armorer Hook Wagner, "looked like somebody dumped a waste basket upside down!"

"I'd rather fight those bastards than eat," announced a battle-worn pilot, stuffing a candy bar in his mouth.

"Me too," said McMillan grimly. "It's going to be a pleasure to make 'em pay for Martin and Gilbert."

An RAF pilot taxied up to the tent and yelled over the noise of his idling engine. "I say, who's the ruddy idiot in your bleeding outfit? I saw 'im flying in the middle of the Nip formation, shoot-in' away. Bloody good show!"

The "ruddy idiot" was quiet, bashful Duke Hedman. Not content with his three victories, he fell in with the retreating enemy and bagged two more to become an ace 20 minutes after he had seen his first Jap.

"Figured it was the safest place to be," he said.

"How'd we do?" someone asked.

How did they do, these greenhorns? In this first encounter with the experienced, battle-wise enemy they were officially credited with destroying ten aircraft—six bombers and four fighters—but reports trickled in to tell of many more burning wrecks scattered through



COL. CHENNAULT, hand on map, briefs his men. This was before Pearl Harbor.

the ricefields and jungles of the Burma countryside. Twenty-four, to be exact! And this was only the beginning. Greater victories against greater odds were to stamp the hallmark of fame on the Group.

The coming of war to Rangoon threw the city into panic. Two thousand people were killed in that first bombing, and a great exodus began. By foot, bicycle, and oxcart they left, heading for India, 700 miles away. The natives left, that is. British residents stayed, to "caddy on" as usual with full dress affairs at the bomb-shattered Strand Hotel.

At Mingaladon the Burmese cooks deserted, leaving the AVG without a mess. For two days the Americans lived on stale bread and warm beer. It was on Christmas afternoon that their fast was broken when a grateful friend drove out from Rangoon with a truckload of fancy food and Scotch whisky.

The jubilation of the volunteers soon gave way to seriousness as they plunged in to prepare for the next encounter. That night there wasn't the usual rowdy evening at Rangoon's Silver Grill, no rousing choruses of Bless 'Em All with the Limeys. Instead, they worked late patching the battered Tomahawks—replacing shot-away windshields and plugging bullet holes with pieces of tin cans.

They knew the attack was coming. The enemy told them so in an English language broadcast that described the battle of that afternoon as the first step in a "systematic elimination of the American bandits and their thousands of planes," and promised the final stroke on Christmas morning when the foe would play Santa Claus with presents of "poison gas, paratroops, and hundreds of planes." The Tigers looked at their 12 remaining aircraft and didn't feel too tigerlike. After all, luck might have accounted for that first wonderful success.

On Christmas morning, as a gaudy red and yellow sunrise burst over Burmese skies, the Flying Tigers were up and waiting for the slant-eyed Santa Claus. At ten o'clock his approach was announced by the air raid siren, and 12 Americans scrambled aloft. Among the veterans of December 23 were some pilots who had sweated out that first bombing crouched ignominiously in dusty ditches. They swore they'd be the first in the air next time. One of these, "Fearless Freddy" Hodges, leaped out of his sick bed in the RAF field hospital, clambered into a P-40, and prepared to do combat wearing only his drawers.

Circling in the chill air high over Rangoon, the Americans soon sighted the attackers. Stacked in groups that appeared to cover the whole sky were bombers

and fighters—123 of them! Gritting their teeth, the Tigers plunged into a furious, swirling fight. For an hour perspiring pilots mauled their planes through a mad frenzy of flashing wings, hammering guns, and violent maneuvers. They sucked in the rotten smell of oxygen through clammy rubber masks, and heard the thud of bullets, like heavy hail, hitting their craft. They sagged under the terrific pull of "G's" in sharp turns and saw the enemy blow up in blinding sheets of flame as their tracers hit home. Below, on the streets of Rangoon, people braved the bombs to gather in knots watching the raging air battle between the many and the few, and cheering themselves hoarse for their defenders.

George McMillan and Ed Overend were shot out of the fight and crash-landed in the paddies. Parker Dupouy, diving on a Zero, pulled out too late and sheared off the Jap's wing, to send him spinning crazily earthward. But Parker lost half of his own right wing. By brute force he wrestled the damaged P-40 back to Mingaladon and greased it in for a hot landing in the midst of a strafing attack.

Suddenly it was all over. When the nine AVG's landed, dust shook up by bombs still hung in the air. After this, their second meeting with a vastly superior Japanese force, they were weary and happy. And now they had confidence. They knew that Chennault had taught them well. Mere luck could not have accounted for such success. Against a loss of two aircraft—no pilots—they had destroyed 36! Again the unofficial count was higher. In contrast, the RAF, who joined the fray in its later stages, lost nine of their own, and claimed only seven Japs.

What was left of the AVG 3rd Squadron fought once more on December 28 against a formation of 45 invaders. They shot down eight bombers without loss to themselves. Then the Old Man sent the tired, hungry warriors north to rest in the cool of the Chinese winter. In their place came Scarsdale Jack Newkirk's 2nd Squadron. No sooner had his 12 pilots landed than the alarm sounded, and they went up to greet the foe. Newkirk's reception committee tore into the visitors and in a fast, furious skirmish sent 18 of them crashing to the green of Burma's earth. One American, Bert Christman, bailed out but walked into the alert tent a few hours later.

And so it went. Day after day the desperate Japanese threw blows at Rangoon. They couldn't grasp air superiority over Burma until that handful of shark-snouted destroyers was wiped out. It should have been easy. After the RAF

squadron had dwindled to nothing, there were only a dozen battered Tomahawks to ward off the attacks of massed air fleets. At times the volunteers could only muster five or six planes. But after ten days of almost daily battles, the foe gave up and stayed home to lick his wounds. He had lost more than 100 aircraft, and had killed only two AVG pilots. He still could not attack military objectives in the vital Rangoon area without paying a terrific price to the "American bandits."

During the lull the Tigers chafed at the inactivity through long, hot days. At night they held forth at the Silver Grill. In Rangoon they were heroes. Most of the aerial scraps had been fought within sight of the city, and the citizens knew that except for them, the bombers would have reduced the place to rubble. The Rangoon Gazette daily reserved a front page box to tell their score. And the Japanese radio fumed about the "unprincipled guerrillas" who fought in such an "unorthodox manner." Unless this foolishness ceased, said an irate announcer, they would be promptly "annihilated." As if the Japs hadn't tried!

Newkirk, tall, hollow-checked, and burning with nervous energy, could stand it no longer. Early in January he took matters in his own hands, and with Jim Howard and Tex Hill invaded the enemy's stronghold to "stir up a little action." At Tak and Meshot airfields the Tiger trio thundered in at tree-top level to spray rows of fighters with tracers. Their prop blasts shook the palm trees. Whipping back and forth, they flew through smoke, flame, and heavy ground fire and succeeded in demolishing dozens of planes that were lined along the airstrips.

Stir up action they did. Beginning the next day the Japs repaid the visit with renewed vigor. Instead of wasting bombs on Rangoon, they aimed their entire effort at the Mingaladon hornet's nest, the lair of the Flying Tigers. A new savage fury was evident in the assaults. At any cost they meant to do away with those hated civilians flying Chinese aircraft. In their last conscious acts, lead-filled Japanese pilots crashed into the AVG field. Wave after wave of bombers and fighters were dispatched, at intervals, in an attempt to wear down the defenders and catch them on the ground, but the volunteers' crews worked too fast. The P-40's were gassed, armed, and airborne again in record time, always ready and waiting for each new assault. The Tigers weathered the storm. For six weeks they slugged it out. When the enemy despaired and slacked off, Newkirk,

Pappy Paxton, Tom Cole, Dick Rossi, and Bob Neale needled them into new rage by strafing their fields.

Even without the Japs to contend with, every flight in the battered planes was an adventure. Engines long past due for overhaul groaned and leaked oil; fabric was stuck together with adhesive tape from medical kits; bullet-punctured propeller blades shrieked horribly when revved up. In late January Sandy Sandell and his 1st Squadron relieved Newkirk, and on one glorious day, during the overlap, they enjoyed the luxury of putting 18 planes into a battle—the most at any one time in the entire history of the Group.

There were casualties. The wonder was that there were so few. Ken Merritt was killed on the ground during a night scramble. The field was lighted only by the dim headlights of a few trucks. Tom Cole, Ed Liebolt, and Charlie Mott flew into murderous ground fire while strafing enemy fields. Sandy Sandell, quiet and unassuming, but one of the most aggressive and brilliant Tigers in a fight, died while testing a pieced-together Tomahawk. His plane simply fell apart. And to the everlasting credit of the American Volunteer Group, only two more pilots were shot down in aerial combat. Forty-four-year-old Cokey Hoffman went down under the concentrated fire of a squadron of fighters, and blond, handsome Bert Christman, the originator of a syndicated comic strip who joined the AVG to gain firsthand material for his work, was murdered while descending in his parachute. He had just been shot out of the air for the third time in as many weeks.

During their two-month stay in Rangoon the Flying Tigers wrote history. Their record has never been equaled. This tiny force was officially credited with 217 enemy aircraft in that brief period, but the actual count was well over 300. The hard-pressed Chinese Government, which paid \$500 for each plane, was known to be harsh in its confirmation policies.

How did they do it? Certainly not because of superior equipment. The Army Air Forces, flying P-40's in Australia against the same type Japanese aircraft that fought the Tigers, had dismal results and blamed their obsolete Tomahawks. Esprit de corps? Yes, partially. But any member of the American Volunteer Group would have said, as if it were a stupid question to begin with, that it was the genius of their Old Man—that hard-as-nails, yet beloved, Southern gentleman, Claire Chennault—that

guided them to victory against terrific odds.

On February 28, 1942, the battle for Rangoon ended. The Japanese Army was a day's march away. A shambles surrounded the golden dome of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. Inmates of the prison, insane asylum, and leper colony had been released, and terror was rampant. It was ironic that in those last days the only defense of the great city was in the hands of a few American civilians, the same "farmers," "acrobats," and "students" who had caused such snickers

short months before. But it was no longer possible to stave off the invader. They had to go. The AVG ground crews evacuated by truck, to set up a new camp up the Burma Road. The fight would continue. As squadron leader Bob Neale climbed, with his five remaining planes, out of the muggy surface haze, he looked back. A heavy smoke pall lay over the city. It was on fire. But he had no regrets. They had fought well. The world would long remember the fabulous exploits of that handful of Tigers over Rangoon.

—THE END

New and Old China Now Mingle In Streets of Once-Forbidden Peiping

By REUTERS AGENCY, LTD.

PEIPING—New and old China meet and mingle today in Peiping's three-hundred-year-old "Forbidden City," where for centuries only emperors dared walk freely.

Communist banners and slogans flutter on white marble terraces under the vermillion walls of old imperial palaces. Loudspeakers tucked beneath their curling, golden roofs blare directions and explanations to streams of sightseers.

Some four thousand visitors of all ages daily throng the wide courtyards and lofty, pillared halls from which emperors of the Ming and Manchu Dynasties ruled China from the Fifteenth Century until the early Twentieth Century.

Their subjects then were forbidden to enter. Today, the buildings house museums and exhibitions.

Among the visitors these days can be seen some wrinkled, bent, old men wearing skull caps and black, ankle-length gowns who remember the reign of the last emperor.

Old women hobble beside them on tiny, slippered feet, which were bound when they were children to keep them small—a practice considered to enhance a woman's beauty and not abandoned until early this century.

Groups of boys and girls hurry past in blue cotton jackets and trousers and the red neck scarves of the Pioneers, a Communist children's organization. The youngest were born about the time, nine years ago, when the Communists won power in China.

There is a sprinkling of off-duty soldiers, wearing brown fur hats and padded khaki uniforms, and a few for-

eigners, mainly technicians from other Communist countries who are working in China.

Young and old come to look at four-thousand-year-old treasures alongside displays of modern methods of boosting farm crop yields and exhibitions depicting American and British "imperialist aggression," all to be seen in the magnificent buildings where the emperors used to live, pray, hold court and carry on state business.

—THE END

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Chamales in the News Again!

Tom Chamales, whose "Betrayal in China" cut loose a bombshell when it appeared in True Magazine a year ago, is back in the news again!

Readers will recall that "Betrayal in China" was reprinted in the March 1958 issue of Roundup, and that it received more comment—pro and con—than any other article ever to appear in this magazine. It was praised by some readers, condemned by others.

This month our attention has been called by Lt. Gen. George E. Stratemeyer, USAF (Ret.), to an item which appeared in The American Mercury under the title, "Who's Looney Now?" Following is a complete reprint of the item:

"The late John A. Chaloner added a phrase to the English language when he wired his brother Bob, who had just been bilked by an opera singer, 'Who's looney now?'"

"Friends of Free China were tempted to repeat the question on June 29th when the news broke that Thomas T. Chamales had been committed to Bellevue Hospital by Magistrate Martinis for observation.

"Chamales is the True Magazine contributor who broke into the national headlines last January with the charge that, while serving in Burma during the war, he had seen Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers pillaging American supply trains to get arms to peddle to the Japanese. He claimed to have seen documents (he produced none, however) proving that this banditry was committed under direct order of the Chinese Nationalist Government at Chungking.

"Immediately, the 'international group' who hate Chiang Kai-shek began quoting Chamales as an authority on the sins of Free China. Mike Wallace even booked him on his national network to repeat his diatribes. The New York Post published the story under the provocative title, 'Who's Covering Up for Chiang?'"

"Chamales' committal to the observation ward should bring down the curtain on this latest episode in the long 'Liberal' smear campaign against Chiang Kai-shek. However, it throws an appalling light upon the inveterate gullibility of many Americans when 'Liberals' lie."

In an effort to check on the article in The American Mercury, the editors of Roundup contacted John J. Gussak, CBI veteran and prominent New York attorney.

Records show, according to Colonel Gussak, that a Thomas T. Chamales was committed to Bellevue on April 5,

1958, and was apparently released the same day to the custody of a Dr. Kingston. On June 30, 1958, Thomas T. Chamales, whose address appears to be 165 East 66th Street, New York, N. Y., was committed to Bellevue from Home Term Court, 300 Mulberry Street, New York. He was discharged from there July 10, 1958.

No further data was available, as all information in Home Term Court and at Bellevue concerning such cases is confidential and not a matter of public record.

* * *

Disturbing the Peace

As this issue of Roundup was going to press, the following Associated Press release appeared in daily newspapers from coast to coast.

"LOS ANGELES (AP)—Novelist Thomas T. Chamales, 45, estranged husband of singer Helen O'Connell, has been fined \$150 on a disturbing the peace charge, the outgrowth of a family argument.

"Chamales pleaded guilty. Another charge, exhibiting a knife in a threatening manner in the presence of his wife and stepdaughter, was dismissed.

"Municipal Judge Gerald C. Kepple placed the author on probation for two years.

"The knife charge was dismissed after Miss O'Connell said she did not wish to testify or have her daughter, Jacqueline Smith, 14, testify. Police were called to the home of Chamales and Miss O'Connell last Nov. 17 by the singer.

"Since then Chamales and the singer have separated."

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The Case of the Snoring Ghost

By REV. RICHARD A. WELFLE, S. J.

As a newly-ordained priest, my first appointment was to take charge of an old mission station, which was located in a rather lonely spot along the Ganges River in northern India. The place had become badly run down, because no one had lived here for almost two years. The previous missionary had been a French priest whose name was Father Peter Laval. But usually he was called simply "Father Peter," or more commonly by the French equivalent "Pere Pierre." He was almost 80 years old when he died. He died suddenly at night in the mission bungalow. At the time, the Bishop had no one to replace him, so the bungalow had remained without a permanent resident, until I came along.

I took a dislike to this place right from the start. Even in the daytime I felt uneasy in that shabby old bungalow, but at night it was absolutely creepy and spooky. And the worst of it was that I had to stay there all alone, except for my dog. My dog's name was "Snoozer." He was a big white bull-dog, with an ugly, fierce-looking face, and a frightful bark, but actually he was a lazy brute who wouldn't even bother to harm a flea. All he wanted to do was to sleep. That's why he was called Snoozer. He was, of course, perfectly useless as a watch-dog. Just the same, I was mighty glad to have Snoozer for a companion at night, because there wasn't a single human being living near the mission. The closest village was more than a mile away. But there were a lot of dead people right close by. They were lying in the old grave-yard just on the other side of the compound wall.

That's where Pere Pierre was buried. But, according to my servant, Barnabas, old Pere Pierre refused to stay in his grave. Barnabas had worked for him for many years, and knew him well. He said in his extreme old age he scarcely

An adventure story from a mission village in the forests of India

ever took a proper rest. He seemed to find it difficult to stay in bed for any length of time. He would get up at any odd hour of the night, and go pattering about the house, or take a stroll out in the compound. And even now, after he was dead and buried, apparently he still wanted to be up and about. Barnabas said that Pere Pierre found it too boring to lie in his grave doing nothing, so he would leave it at night and go wandering about in the house and compound just as he had done when he was alive. That's why Barnabas would not stay with me at night. He said he was afraid of meeting the ghost of Pere Pierre.

Of course, I told Barnabas that this talk about the old priest getting up out of his grave at night was all nonsense. And Barnabas admitted that he had never actually seen the ghost of Pere Pierre. But he said that was the strangest thing about it—even though you couldn't see anything, still somehow you knew that old Pere Pierre was present. You could feel his presence, and you could hear his heavy breathing. Barnabas said that Pere Pierre had asthma very bad before he died, and now when he came back from the grave his breathing was wheezy and labored just as it was when he struggled with the asthma for air.

Well, as I say, I insisted with Barnabas that this was all nonsense, pure and simple, and I said that he should not believe that sort of thing. But at the same time I must confess that I also felt very nervous when I was alone there in the bungalow after dark. And then one night I got the most awful fright, and I was ready to believe that old Pere Pierre had really come back from the grave, just as Barnabas said.

Before going to bed that night, I went all through the house, as I always did, to make sure that every door and window was closed tight and bolted. There was just one door that I left partly open. This was the one that led from my bedroom to the verandah. I had to leave it open a little, in order to get some fresh air; otherwise I would have suffocated with the house entirely shut up tight.

It must have been 10 o'clock when I crawled under the mosquito net and got into bed. For some reason I was feeling more nervous than usual, and so for a

The author: Father Richard A. Welfle is one of the 121 Jesuit Fathers from the United States at work in the missions of the Diocese of Patna, in northeastern India. Father Welfle is always able to find material for good stories in the customs of his adopted land and people. He is the author of three books of thriller-tales for young people, Blood on the Mountain, The Ruined Temple, and Greater than the Great Mongul (Jesuit Mission Press, 45 East 78th St., New York 21, N. Y.)

long time I could not get to sleep. I think it was close to midnight when I finally dozed off. But I was soon wide awake again, and tense with fear, for I thought I could hear someone breathing right there in the room. At first I tried to convince myself that it was just my nerves making me imagine things. But that breathing went on, and I knew now that there was no imagination about it. And it was a heavy, wheezy kind of breathing just like that of old Pere Pierre, as Barnabas had described it.

I don't mind admitting that I was now trembling with fright, and bathed in a cold sweat. Nevertheless, I managed to take my flashlight from under the pillow, and I flashed it all about the room. It revealed absolutely nothing that could explain that heavy breathing. So I now mustered up all my courage and got out of bed. With my flashlight in hand, and with my knees knocking together, I cautiously worked my way along the wall and into the next room. But here again I could see nothing which might account for that sound of breathing.

Slowly I came back into the bedroom, and approached the door opening out to the verandah. As I drew nearer the door, the breathing became stronger and more distinct. At least, so it seemed, and I was now more frightened than ever. I was afraid that someone might be standing just outside the door, ready to grab me. Or, if it was the ghost of old Pere Pierre, he was now certainly very close to me, even though I could not see him. I was so scared that my hair must surely have been standing straight on end.

I was wishing that I had some kind of weapon to defend myself, but the only thing available was a piece of cane, about six feet long, which I kept close to my bed. This was for killing snakes that sometimes came into the house. So, armed with this, I slowly proceeded to the door, flashing the light straight ahead. Once I had got safely through the door, I quickly flashed the light down along the verandah, and out into the compound. Again nothing! That breathing still remained a mystery. And yet it was so strong and distinct now that I felt sure it was right next to me. And it certainly had that wheezy sound which Barnabas said was the way old Pere Pierre breathed when he was struggling with his asthma.

So now, although almost paralyzed with fear, I called out with a shaky voice: "Who is here? I can hear you breathing. Speak! What do you want?"

This was followed by dead silence—except for that heavy breathing, which went on just as before. So now I spoke

again with a stronger voice and afterwards I wondered how I had the courage to do it. I said, quite loudly, "If there is anyone here, show yourself! Don't be a coward!"

I had scarcely got the last word out of my mouth, when I all but jumped out of my skin with fright. I had been standing with my back a few inches from the door, and now, all of a sudden, the door banged against my back! It could not have been moved by the wind, for there wasn't any wind. Who had moved that door? Instinctively I swung around, jumped to one side, and quickly flashed my light behind the door. And there . . . what did I see?

I saw Snoozer! And Snoozer was yawning and stretching, having just awakened from solid slumber. It was this lazy, good-for-nothing dog who had been doing all the wheezy breathing. And when my voice had disturbed his sleep, Snoozer stirred and took a good stretch. As he did so, his feet pushed against the door, causing it to swing around and give me that frightful bump in the back which had almost scared me out of my wits.

Next morning, when Barnabas came to prepare my breakfast, I told him all that had happened, and I said: "Barnabas, didn't I tell you that it's silly to believe in ghosts!" But I didn't tell him how scared I was before I found Snoozer behind the door.

—THE END

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BOOK REVIEWS



Edited by **BOYD SINCLAIR**

THE DIVINE WIND. By Rikibei Inoguchi. 262 pages. U. S. Naval Institute, Annapolis, 1958. \$4.50.

The story of Japan's kamikaze (suicide aircraft) force. The author was a Jap air force captain. Others credited with authorship are Japanese Commander Tadashi Nakajima and Roger Pineau of the U. S. Naval Reserve. Fifty-five photographs.

CHINESE COOKING FOR AMERICAN KITCHENS. By Mabel Wong Lilienstein. 190 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1958. \$3.50.

The author is proprietor of the oldest Chinese restaurant in New York. Half the book is devoted to Chinese recipes, the remainder to traditional cooking and culture, buying and preparation of food, and the manner of serving dishes.

THE RELIGION OF INDIA. By Max Weber. 399 pages. The Free Press, Glencoe, Illinois, 1958. \$6.75.

The noted sociologist analyzes the Hindu social system and discusses the character and significance of castes and the teachings of Indian intellectuals. He also deals with other Asiatic sects and religions, particularly Buddhism.

TIBET. By Alan Winnington. 235 pages. International Publishers, New York, 1958. \$4.

The author, an Englishman, tells of a 4,000-mile journey through Tibet in 1955 as a guest of the Chinese Communist government. He concerns himself with Tibetan geography, the people's character and traditions, and recent change.

PILOT PROJECT INDIA. Albert Mayer. 391 pages. University of California Press, Berkeley, 1958. \$5.50.

This book describes how the Pilot Project in Rural Planning and Development at Etawah, Uttar Pradesh, India, which was begun in 1948, has remodeled the ways of life in that area. The author, an architect, was a project leader.

THE SHELTERING DESERT. By Henno Martin. 236 pages. Thomas Nelson and Sons, New York, 1958. \$5.

During World War II, the author and another man, both German geologists, were stranded in southwest Africa, where

they fled into the Namib Desert to escape capture. The book covers the two and one-half years they lived as primitive men.

THE TALL MAN. By A. M. Harris. 194 pages. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York, 1958. \$3.50.

Novel of a soldier's most important and dangerous mission, the story of a young Australian in the Korean war. He leads a company of Korean soldiers for three years. At the moment he feels his luck has run out, he faces great danger.

OKINAWA. By George S. Kerr. 560 pages. Charles E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont, 1958. \$6.75.

This is the history of an island people who have become well-known to America since World War II. The book traces geographical, historical, political, and social development of Okinawa from prehistoric days to the end of World War II.

SINAI VICTORY. By S. L. A. Marshall. 280 pages. William Morrow and Company, New York, 1958. \$5.

"Slam" Marshall, Army Reserve general and military expert of the Detroit News, concentrates on Israel's fighting heart and leadership in history's shortest war—the 100-hour conquest of Egypt east of Suez in the autumn of 1956.

THE LOST WORLD OF THE KALAHARI. By Laurens van der Post. 279 pages. William Morrow and Company, New York, 1958. \$4.

The author takes us among the last survivors of a vanishing race, the yellow-skinned African Bushman of the Kalahari Desert. The Bushman traditionally has been despised by black and white alike, but Van der Post contradicts this view.

CRUSOES OF SUNDAY ISLAND. By Elsie Morton. 222 pages. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1958. \$3.75.

In 1878, Tom Bell, an adventurous New Zealander, took his family to uninhabited Sunday Island to become a planter and open a trading station. A story of hardship and failure, the account is based on the memoirs of Bell's daughter.

RIBBON CREEK. By William B. McKean. 542 pages. The Dial Press, New York, 1958. \$5.

In 1956, six Marines were drowned in Ribbon Creek, Parris Island, S. C., when a drill instructor marched a platoon into the swamp. The brigadier general who was relieved of his command as a result gives his version of the tragedy.



*News dispatches from recent issues of
The Calcutta Statesman*

NEW DELHI—More than 16,000 rounds of deteriorating wartime ammunition have so far been broken down at the defusing site at Pulgaon, according to Defense Ministry sources. Since 1955 the Defense Ministry had been considering the question of disposal of large stocks of unserviceable wartime ammunition held in their depots, and it was considered too expensive to deposit the ammunition in the sea. Under the breakdown system, raw materials are retrieved.

CALCUTTA—About 7,780 registered factories, each engaging 20 or more workers and using power, operated in India in 1956. The total productive capital of the registered factories was Rs 958.6 crores. Their workers numbered over 1.85 million with salary and wage bills amounting to Rs 254.8 crores.

CALCUTTA—Mr. Bijaya Gopal Biswas, a Calcutta tram operator, has been rewarded for his honesty. One day he found over Rs 600 worth of jewelry in a suitcase left in his vehicle. The suitcase was unlocked and had no claimant. He deposited it at the Tramways office. A few days later, a woman went to the office to inquire, "hoping against hope" as she said, whether a suitcase had been deposited. She was overwhelmed when the suitcase was produced and restored to her with its contents.

CALCUTTA—Unmindful of the noise and distraction around them, about 100 children are seen, every morning, absorbed in their studies on the pavement on Chittaranjan Avenue in Central Calcutta. They are students of a primary school opened over 20 years ago. The school has now on its roll about 200 pupils, who cannot be contained in the small roadside room in which it was started. Three of its classes are held on the pavement. There are stools for teachers and benches for students. A blackboard hangs on the wall of an adjacent building.

DARJEELING—Seasonal visitors to the Lloyd Botanical Garden may miss one of its most enchanting attractions next season—a display of rainbow-tinted blooms inside the Glass House. Authorities find that the Glass House is unable to give adequate protection to some rare plants due to its dilapidated condition.

Among plants which suffered casualties this year is a rare Bird of Paradise plant which usually takes about 15 years to come into bloom. The Glass House, considered one of the best in Asia, was built in 1908.

CALCUTTA—One of the signs of the changing face of Calcutta's Dalhousie Square is the disappearance of parts of the iron fence around the tank in the center. Telephone Bhavan on the south, the West Bengal Government's temporary garage on the north, and the laying of tram tracks across the area have already changed the Square's face beyond recognition. Disappearance of the fence would complete the process.

BOMBAY—The Union Minister for Transport and Communications, Mr. S. K. Patil, has appealed to students to learn as many languages as possible and warned them against being carried away by sentiments expressed by "some foolish people" in regard to language. He said opposition to English "emanated from a poverty of imagination on the part of some foolish people who cannot even speak the language."

KATHMANDU—The Child Marriage Prohibition Bill has been passed by the Advisory Assembly of Nepal. The bill prohibits marriage of boys younger than 16 and girls below 14.

CALCUTTA—A proposal has been made urging the West Bengal Government to take steps to remove the Royal Calcutta Golf Club and the Tollygunge Club from the area they now occupy in Tollygunge. It is proposed that this area should be acquired and utilized to open parks, playgrounds, swimming pools, schools and colleges, large and small industries and for refugee rehabilitation.

NEW DELHI—Needless pulling of alarm chains on trains is to be made punishable by imprisonment for the first time on the Indian Railways. A bill also seeks to make more severe the penalties for offences connected with ticketless travel, unauthorized hawking and intimidation and assault on railway servants.

LAHORE—The West Pakistan Mill Owners' Association has decided on voluntary basis to fix a minimum wage of Rs 30 a month for all workers in their mills. The minimum wage will not be applicable to child workers and apprentices.

NEW DELHI—A non-official bill to provide for rigorous imprisonment up to five years for hoarding and profiteering has been introduced in the Rajya Sabha.

CBI-er's Viewpoint

This month's question:

Why do veterans of the China-Burma-India Theater have more of a sense of kinship than those who served in any other area during World War II?

ROBERT R. CRISWELL, Bayonne, N. J.—“This is something that has baffled me for quite a long time. It raises the question to me, ‘Do we really feel closer, or is it imaginary?’ Naturally, being a CBI veteran, I feel close to anyone who says he also served there. But wouldn't a fellow who served, say, in Iran during the war feel likewise to another GI who also served there? I can understand the difference between the relatively small group who served in China-Burma-India and someone who served with the couple of million in Europe. But I would like to hear someone else's view on **why** CBI-ers have more in common than men of some other theater or area.”

KEITH I. LEONARD, Hartford, Conn.—“Men and women who served in the CBI feel most other theaters were spotlighted while ours was, to use the common phrase, ‘the forgotten Theater.’ Except for the Flying Tigers, no other CBI outfit received much if any publicity.”

LAWRENCE SNYDER, Casa Grande, Ariz.—“We shared together more extremes than men in the other theaters. Most of us sweltered on the deserts and in jungles, while others cooled off in the Himalayas. Some of us were stationed by little dirty towns while others were privileged to be in the large cities with plenty of recreation.”

LeROY W. HASSE, Joliet, Ill.—“The power of Ex-CBI Roundup as a leader has with splendid and continuous effort helped us all to relive our personal portions in the pages of military history. Praise, too, for the wonderful work of the CBIVA. With two such powerful forces keeping alive our friendships, we cannot help but have a stronger emotional bond that will outlast all others.”

EDWIN G. MOORE, Kansas City, Mo.—“If CBI veterans have a close kinship with one another, it is strictly because all of us were engaged in but one activity: To keep the Chinese in the war

against Japan. Regardless of what your job entailed, the ultimate aim was to supply and help China, to keep the Japs from further expansion in Asia.”

JEROME MILLER, Lincoln, Neb.—“We served in strange lands, at the far end of the world's longest military pipeline. The uninitiated refuse to believe the stories we tell of CBI, so we must find other CBIers in order to talk about them. That's why we stick together!”

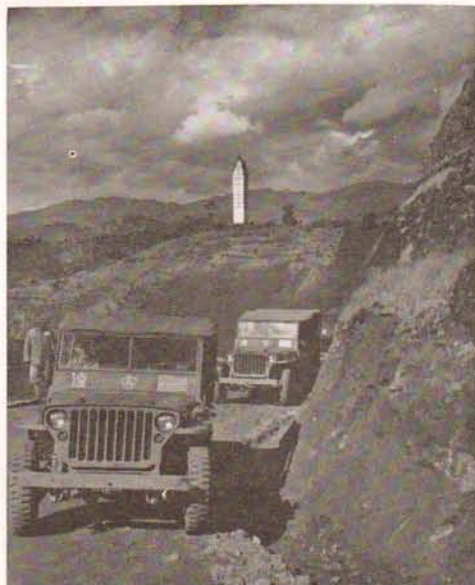
ARTHUR Y. GARCIA, Nogales, Ariz.—“It seemed that there were not many soldiers in the whole CBI. Therefore, we get a special big thrill when we see the beautiful CBI shoulder patch worn by a former buddy.”

DARRELL F. WHITE, Nashville, Tenn.—“I think our close relationship is due to the fact that before the war very few Americans had ever visited India and China. To this day both countries remain the most exotic and enchanting and romantic countries of the world.”

Next month's question:

Did you profit financially or educationally by your experience of having served in CBI? How?

Send your reply to the above question to the editors for inclusion in the next issue.



JEEPS of the “Y” Force round a bend on the Burma Road. Photo by Jack Jenkins.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Among Friends

By BILL BONI

(A personal column, reprinted from
The Spokesman-Review, Spokane, Wash.)

The CBI, a Place They Can't Forget

There is a strange and lasting affinity between, or even among, people who spent any time at all in the China-Burma-India theater during World War II.

The China-Burma-India theater is the way it was known formally. Those who were on their way there or might have no reason ever to get there referred to it that way. The ones who had been or were there—to them it was simply the CBI (C for China, B for Burma, I for India).

These three initials could be pronounced in a variety of ways. Very few were complimentary. You could say "CBI" and make it a self-contained, completely sufficient cuss word. You could say it again and bring into your expression a mood of utter resignation.

The most frequent expression, perhaps, was a cross between resignation and abandonment. For this was a distinct characteristic of those who wound up in the CBI (and it made little difference whether it was the C, the B or the I in which they landed). They felt, after having been there virtually no time at all, that everyone had forgotten them.

Even the War Was Hard to Find

This was not necessarily true, yet it seemed that way. It was so even with war correspondents, of whom I was one. For one very essential point, the war was physically harder to find than it was almost anywhere else. Once you had found it, it was an elaborate procedure and often a confusing one to get the news out to where people could read it.

You can find old CBI-ers without looking too hard. In fact, they are the type who, once having had an inkling that you were there, too, will come forth and identify themselves as fellow-sufferers. Here in Spokane Bernie Gallagher is one, and down in Pullman Washington State's athletic tub-thumper, Dick Fry, is another.

Gallagher is an attorney now and a state legislator. Fry also has put quite a few years behind him since he was manning an air force station in China's "out-back." But get them started and before long the talk will be full of such odd place names as Chabua, Dinjan and

Agra, not to mention Kunming and Myitkyina (pronounced (Mit-shin-aw), to which I gladly will contribute Shaduzup and Warazup.

The last two were muddy slopes along the Ledo road where the "Old Man," Gen. Joe Stilwell, pitched his jungle hammock in the process—a slow process, at times—of pushing the Japanese back toward the Chinese who were coming down from the Salween.

All Was Not Harmony in Top Echelon

There were romantic place names, too, such as Kashmir and Darjeeling, which were in India and were used as rest camps and resorts for those lucky enough to get to them. I never did. So my memories of the CBI are, largely, a compound of the misery and filth I saw in Bombay, Calcutta and New Delhi, the jungle warfare with Stilwell and his joint American-Chinese force along the road, and the primitiveness of western China, the only portion of China I ever got to see.

The CBI also was a peculiar area because it was forever subject to pullings and haulings among the top brass. Stilwell did not always see eye-to-eye with either the "Gissimo," Chiang Kai-shek, or with the big boss of the allied Southeast Asia command, Lord Louis Mountbatten.

Claire Chennault and the air force also figured in the picture. When it came time to move in the B-29s for long-range blows on the Japanese homeland, this became a further disturbing element. But all in all the job got done and, considering the many handicaps (such as "the Hump," the air-flown supply line to China), it got done surprisingly well.

Drinking Water That Tasted for Hours

It may sound peculiar to say that a war is hard to find. Yet along the Salween river front on the China-Burma border, it was just that. There the Chinese, working with advice from a skeleton American unit called "Y" force, were driving west toward an eventual link-up with Stilwell.

It took three days of walking with pack animals over slippery mountain trails to find that particular fight. Once you got there, there wasn't much to see, beyond the fact that the gunpowder-inventing Chinese loved to fire their artillery pieces at the Japanese across the river. Because the water supply was a trickling stream in which the horses had to be watered, too, there was the joy of drinking water which, no matter how long and how often you boiled it, still smelled for horses.

It is memories such as these which make ex-CBI-ers the next thing to blood brothers.

—THE END

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STAFF OF LIFE in China . . . the bowl of rice. Photo by Jack Jenkins:

Lieutenant Newsom

● For a number of years now I have been hospitalized with paramnesiac tendencies. It was only recently that memories have come back to me. Now I am looking for the address of a Lieutenant Newsom who was signal officer in charge of a crypto section with the 835th Signal Service Battalion, New Delhi, India, and who later flew down to Singapore in 1945 with the U. S. Army Liaison Forces, Singapore, Malaya. We called him Bobo, after the baseball player by that name had won his laurels. While on duty in India I was T/5 training at Kanchrapara and later assigned to New Delhi. I need affidavits to establish service connection on a VA claim which has been in dispute for a number of years. If anyone from the

835th or from Singapore remembers this officer or remembers me, please contact me.

GERALD F. SEIDEL
VA Hospital
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

A.A.C.S. Reunion

● Have contacted about 15 of my old buddies stationed with me in Gaya, India. We were with A.A.C.S. The 1959 CBI convention being in Philadelphia, a few of us are trying to stir up an A.A.C.S. Gaya reunion. A word spread around by your publication would be appreciated. I have been receiving Ex-CBI Roundup since its beginning and think it is wonderful reading and a great reminder of good old India days.

ABBOTT R. CAMPBELL,
Cranford, New Jersey

India's Squalor

● The article by Brian Gardner in the January issue certainly brought back memories of India. The thing that amazed me most when I first went there in 1944 was the contrast between wealth and extreme poverty. There were some homes that looked like palaces, but just outside their walls were the worst shacks I'd ever seen.

R. C. MAXWELL,
El Paso, Texas

Chicago Basha

● The Chicago Basha annual children's Christmas party was the climax of an eventful year. Motion pictures were shown for the children; Santa Claus gave each child a present and a Christmas stocking. Everyone enjoyed the roller skating act performed by Jerry Merchant. Refreshments were served by the Ladies Auxiliary. The January 30 meeting will be at the Martinique Restaurant at 6:30 p.m. The February 27 meeting will be at a new Loop location, LaSalle Hotel, at 7:30 p.m. Movies of India will be shown.

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Commander's Message

by

Robert W. Doucette

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaam Sahibs:

There is an old saying that a small hard core of dedicated people can move mountains of opinion. The CBI-VA members seem to be part of a dedicated group convinced that their organization should grow so that more people may participate in the only organization founded for veterans of a particular theater of operations.

On January 1st our CBI-VA started its membership drive which will continue until April 15th. The results to date have been very encouraging and I sincerely hope that the good work will continue.

I was very happy to hear of the newly renewed activity of the San Francisco Basha. Ray Kirkpatrick informed me that during the month of December, a Pearl Harbor Day Memorial Service was presented by the Chaplain's Office of the Sixth Army.

He also advised the new Basha Commander of the San Francisco Basha was Tsung Chi Lee. The San Francisco Basha is planning a big affair on Saturday night, January 31, 1959, in one of the favorite spots of San Francisco's Chinatown. Any of you CBI Vets who would like to join the San Francisco Basha are asked to contact Commander Lee at 805 Clay Street, San Francisco, California.

The National Organization is presently arranging to grant to the Washington State Basha a National Charter. As mentioned above, it is gratifying to see the activity that is beginning to develop in the western part of the United States for the CBI-VA.

All of you undoubtedly have received your edition of the "Sound Off" and I think you will agree with me that Gene Brauer, our National Adjutant, did an excellent job in editing the paper. I have received considerable correspondence from individual members about the possibility of having the "Sound Off" published more often, perhaps every month. Let me hear from more of you

as to your feelings on the CBI-VA publication "Sound Off". If it is the feeling of the majority that the "Sound Off" should be issued more frequently and on a definite time schedule, the National Executive Committee should have your advice before the April executive board meeting so that plans may be formulated for action on this request at the National Convention in August.

Sometimes, I know, members and prospective members have mentioned in the past that the CBI-VA should become active in National Affairs and in the approval or rejection of positions taken by the Veterans Administration. I do not recall whether this matter has ever been discussed in past years but at the risk of being repetitious, let me review with you the position of the CBI-VA on these matters.

There is no question that sometimes a veteran organization receives publicity by taking a position on some controversial national or veterans matter. However, it is often the case that if publicity is unfavorable, friction between members and criticism from the public could result. The CBI-VA is not a large veterans organization in comparison with the large veteran organizations in this country. Unfavorable publicity or criticism from members could do a great deal more harm to an organization of our size than any possible benefit from publicity gained from a position the CBI-VA might take on a national issue. As we grow, maybe consideration could be given to taking a position on some issues but the CBI-VA has been highly successful as a social organization with a family background. I, for one, have been to many veterans meetings but I have yet to attend one where the members have more fun, and derive more benefit from an organization than those CBI-VA members of the local bashas at their basha affairs or at the National Reunions. I think we can accomplish much in the years ahead through the CBI-VA, most important of which is good fellowship which seems to be lacking in many instances in this material world of ours today.

ROBERT W. DOUCETTE
National Commander

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP



TYPICAL street scene in Calcutta. Note policeman on "barrel" in middle of intersection, directing traffic. Photo by Dennis J. Loughman.

'CBI Dateline'

● Really enjoy reminiscing each month. Glad to see "CBI Dateline" back. Always got a bang out of reading the latest news in our old stomping grounds. Hope to be with you for ten more years.

ARTHUR LEADER,
Pueblo, Colo.

Read 'Ugly American'

● A good book for CBI-ers or anyone to read is "The Ugly American." It pretty well shows how our foreign policy has gotten us in bad with almost every country in Asia.

JASPER WHALEY,
Wash., D. C.

Karnani Estates

● I am wondering if you have on hand or know where I could purchase the brochure concerning Karnani Estates, which was the officers' billet in Calcutta. If I remember correctly this was a booklet with all the pictures showing the dining rooms, the burra and choda bars, etc. I would be most pleased to get a copy of this for my permanent records.

BEN T. HEAD,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Can anyone tell us if copies of this brochure are available?—Eds.

Yenan Observers

● Have never seen anything printed on YOG (Yenan Observers Group) stationed at Yen-an, China, Communist government capital at that time. There were about 40 men there and many service departments were represented... Signal Corps, Weather, Air Force, Supply, O.S.S., Intelligence, Field Men. We did the work of a much larger group; each man had a job to do and had to keep it up regardless of

the hours involved. We ate Chinese mess prepared and furnished by them. Would like to hear from any of the men who were stationed there, February 1945 to March 1946.

M. L. BRELAND
Marion, Ala.

Fire at Shanghai

● I was for a short time mess sergeant for officers' mess, 5009th Port Command Headquarters, Shanghai. Do any of the officers remember the fire? I think it happened the night of Nov. 11, 1945. I remember a First Lieutenant and a Captain Walters—hope they read this magazine.

C. P. COOPER,
Forsyth, Mo.

Back Issues

● After all these years, I've just been introduced to Ex-CBI Roundup. Sorry I've missed all this time... please send me all back issues available. It's a wonderful magazine and you can be assured I'll be on your subscription list from now on.

SAMUEL MANZER,
Council Bluffs, Iowa



THREE-STORY building in Karachi is Johnson's Hotel, with restaurant and shops on first floor. Photo by R. T. Peacock, Jr.

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